The Times-Dispatch
DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office.....916 E. Main Street
South Richmond.....1103 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

BY MAIL. POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo
Daily with Sunday	$6.00	$3.00	$1.50	.55
Daily without Sunday	4.00	2.00	1.00	.35
Sunday edition only	2.00	1.00	.50	.25
Weekly (Wednesday)	1.00	.50	.25	...

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg—

	One Week.
Daily with Sunday	14 cents
Daily without Sunday	10 cents
Sunday only	5 cents

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1910.

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF."

President Taft will pass through the Virginia Capes this morning and cast anchor in Hampton Roads, a beautiful body of water formed principally by the James River, one of the most historic and important of the great water courses of this country. The President will immediately perceive the vital necessity of deepening the channel so that ships of war of the heaviest draught shall be able to reach the Falls of the James.

The President will arrive in Richmond about 7 o'clock this evening. He will be escorted from the Roads by a special committee of the citizens of this town, and after dining with a few friends at the Westmoreland Club and being received by some more friends at the Commonwealth Club, he will be put to bed at the Jefferson Hotel and permitted to sleep the sleep of the Democrats, and to dream that his native State of Ohio is still a part of Virginia as it was a long time ago before our magnificent domain was cut up into Senatorial districts, and Ohio assumed the leading role of being the mother of Presidents. Mr. Taft is, in fact, very much a Virginian, not in his way of thinking on the tariff question, generally speaking, not in his views, perhaps, of National sovereignty; but in his general make-up, his fine poise, his good humor, his broad humanity, his respect for law, his contempt for the tinsel and the sawdust, and he will find himself among his kinsfolk in Richmond, delighting to honor him for the office he holds and for himself as well.

It would be very much out of place for any of us to talk to him about political matters while he is here, except in a broad way; but it will not be considered impertinent to say that the President has compelled the respect and admiration of many of his countrymen by his superb bearing in recent times which have tried a good many souls; nor can anybody object if we shall paraphrase what an Englishman has written in verse about him, or somebody very like him. He has kept his head, he has trusted himself, he has not given way to hating, he has waited and not grown tired in waiting. He has not made dreams his master, he has borne with the hardihood of a good soldier the twisting of his words by knaves to make a trap for fools, he has met with Triumph and Disaster and treated these two Impostors just the same. He has filled the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run, and in the opinion of a great many thousands of his fellow citizens he comes very near being "a Man, my son." Of course, we are all sorry for him, in the sense that he does not live in Richmond, sorry that he has leased another house at Beverly instead of taking a place on Franklin Street, sorry that he was not raised on Smithfield ham, sorry, most of all, that he is in the wrong political pew; but glad that he is to be with us, if only for a night and a day, and glad that if we must have a Republican in the White House, we have in Mr. Taft a President who is strong enough and straight enough to honor the office he holds and the American people whom he represents.

Mr. Taft is hurrying back to Washington to get ready for Congress. In the midst of his abundant cares he comes to Richmond to meet the Virginia Educational Conference and to speak to the members of that body upon the most important of all subjects affecting the good of society—the education of the youth of the land. He will speak to the teachers to-morrow, and he will be greeted by them in the spirit of that comradeship which all men feel who are interested in the work of building up the American Commonwealth.

THE FLAT A IN NEW YORK.

The principal of a fashionable school for girls in New York City is reported by The Times to have served notice on her pupils that the use of the broad a in speech will hereafter be regarded as a requirement for graduation, a condition precedent, as it were. The Times protests that affectations are vulgar, that not one person in a thousand, perhaps ten thousand of the people living, or existing, in New York, use the broad a naturally, but this admission is sufficient warrant for the rule laid down in the fashionable school. "The flat a," says The Times, "is not a sign of ignorance, and it is no gain of culture or social distinction for the daughters of a flat a household to use the broad a."

It is hardly necessary to explain, in the circumstances, that The Times is given to the pernicious habit of the flat a, the only really flat thing we know about it; but that is the fault of the raising of the people employed by The Times, the most of whom were brought up on the flat a we are sorry to say. They have been saying Taft as if the a in his name should be pronounced like a in tallow, and Cannon, as if the a were pronounced like a in damn; but it must admit that Taft would sound like an entirely different thing if the name should be spoken like a in fall, and the a in Cannon should be pronounced like a in fraud.

The flat a is so much like the minor chord in music, while the broad a carries the appearance of a piety that does not always attach to the conversation of those who invariably swear with all their a's as flat as flat can be. The Times need not despair, however, as the broad a habit can be acquired, and when once acquired it is the most effective part of English speech. There is that most distinguished of North Carolinians, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, for example, who has almost learned to speak the a as if he had been brought up on it, and, what he has been able to learn, The Times might also learn if it would go to school for awhile in Virginia. At least we would suggest that it keep in closer touch with the apostles of the broad a school if it really wish to be considered as printing only the things that are fit to print.

NO MORE OPEN GARBAGE CARTS.

Last night the editor of The Times-Dispatch received a letter from the Hon. David Crockett Richardson, Mayor of the City of Richmond, "touchin' on and appertainin' to" the garbage question to which we made bold to direct his official attention yesterday morning Mayor Richardson says:

"Referring to your editorial in The Times-Dispatch of this date relating to the passage of garbage carts with their malodorous contents along the public streets of the city on Sunday morning, November 20, 1910, I desire respectfully to say that I brought the matter to the attention of the Superintendent of the Street Cleaning Department, and have just received a reply, in which he says: 'There were no city carts in service on Sunday, November 20, or on any other Sunday working on garbage.'

"I fully concur with you in the opinion that all garbage carts should be covered, and have heretofore suggested this to the committee, and most of the carts are covered. The police will be instructed to report all parties who haul offensive matter through the streets, as it is a nuisance which will subject the offender to the penalties prescribed by law. I thank you for bringing this matter to my attention."

It will be noted that we did not say that the carts hauling garbage were City carts, in fact, we knew that they were not; but the particular cart which caught our eagle eye was an open cart, and it was loaded with garbage contained in uncovered cans, and it smelt to heaven, as most garbage does after it has become "sufficiently decayed," as the comic opera has it. We are told that "most of the carts are covered," which is equivalent to saying that some of them are not covered, and it is the uncovered cart that the Mayor is after, and we are right behind him in his determination to abate this nuisance. All that is needed now is a little active work by the police, and the reform will be accomplished. Good for Mayor Richardson! Good also for both patrician and plebeian noses that have been much offended by the negligences of the past.

"FRAZZLE," ONCE MORE.

"Frazzle" will doubtless take its place in all the new editions of the dictionaries. It ought to have been in the books long ago, as it is a perfectly good word and has been in use among the English-speaking people of the South from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It is, in fact, derived from the same root as the word "fray," meaning to ravel out the edge of things. It recently came into general use when it was employed by Mr. Roosevelt to describe the frayed out efforts of Mr. Bryan in the presidential election of 1904. The newspapers up North made much ado about it. They had never heard it before, apparently, because so many of the old-time words and idioms have been lost in their polyglottous population.

Major R. W. Hunter, who served with distinguished gallantry on the staff of General John B. Gordon during the war, told in The Times-Dispatch in December, 1908, of the awful significance of the word as it was used before the dawn of April 9, 1865, by General Gordon, who, with his infantry, Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry and Colonel Tom Carter's artillery, was leading the forlorn hope of Lee's Army in the attempt to cut through Grant's Army at Appomattox. Major Hunter gave Gordon's own description in his "Reminiscences" of the scene, as follows:

"The Federals had constructed a line of breastworks across our front during the night. The audacious movement of our troops was begun at dawn. The dashing cavalry leader, Fitzhugh Lee, swept around the Union left flank, while the infantry and artillery attacked the front. I take especial pride in recording the fact that this last charge of the war was made by the footsore and starving men of my command with a spirit worthy the best days of Lee's army The Union breastworks were carried two pieces of artillery were captured, the Federals were driven back from all that portion of the field, and the brave boys in tattered gray cheered as their battleflags waved in triumph on that last morning.

"The Confederate battle lines were still advancing when I discovered a heavy column of Union infantry coming from the right and upon my rear. * * *

"Such was the situation, its phases rapidly shifting and growing more intensely thrilling at each moment, when I received a significant inquiry from General Lee. It was borne by Colonel Charles S. Venable, of his staff, afterwards the chairman of the faculty of the University of Virginia. The commander wished me to report at once as to the condition of my portion of the field, what progress I was making, and what encouragement I could give. I said: 'Tell General Lee that my command has been fought to a frazzle, and unless Longstreet can unite in the movement or prevent these forces from coming upon my rear, I cannot long go forward.' Colonel Venable has left on record this statement:

"'At 3 o'clock on the morning of that fatal day, General Lee rode forward, still hoping that we might break through the countless hordes of the enemy, who hemmed us in. Halting a short distance in rear of our vanguard, he sent me on to General Gordon to ask him if he could cut through the enemy. I found General Gordon and General Fitz Lee on their front line in the light of the morning, arranging an attack. Gordon's reply to the message (I give the expressive phrase of the Georgian) was this: "Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's Corps." Colonel Venable adds that when General Lee received my message he said: "There is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths."

This statement is worth reproducing now so that the word-makers and the dictionary builders may appreciate the true meaning of "frazzle." It seems a little like the irony of fate—the hoisting, so to say, of the engineer "with his own petar"—that the Colonel's application of the word to Bryan's shattered efforts should be so descriptive now of his own rout at the election on November 8. The Colonel, doubtless, knows what frazzle means now.

CABOT LODGE AT COURT.

In the opinion of the Springfield Republican, Senator Lodge would make a competent and most efficient Ambassador to England. But it notes the fact that in his callow days, Mr. Lodge "was known in London as one of the worst of the lion's tail-twisters in America." That ought to be enough to make him ineligible for appointment to the Court of St. James. There is no reason that we can imagine why provision should be made for Mr. Lodge. He has had his day, and the suggestions that have been made that Mr. Taft should make a place for him in the diplomatic service because Mr. Lodge's own people in Massachusetts have dropped him, does not seem to be justified by public necessity or political wisdom. Certainly President Taft owes Mr. Lodge nothing. Let the scholar in politics go back to his home at Nahant and spend the residue of his days in reflecting upon the opportunities he has lost.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

The Chattanooga Times is nibbling just a little bit at the woman suffrage bait. It does not know exactly what to do, but it admits that "so far in those States where the experiment has been tried there appears not to have been any more injury than profit to the body politic. Whether it has added anything to the dignity of the sex, or derogated from that high respect men have hitherto had for their women folk becomes one of the serious questions to be considered before the ultimate conclusion is reached."

We judge from these remarks that our Chattanooga contemporary is in a receptive frame of mind, and we would suggest to it: Come on in, the water is fine!

THE EARLY ADVERTISING BIRD AND THE BUYING WORM.

A very valuable suggestion has been made by the Albany Evening Journal to the merchants who are now getting ready for their Christmas trade, as follows: "The merchant who knows his business knows that the early advertisement gets the largest share of the early buying." It looks to us as if there is a good deal of sense in that—common sense, business sense, goods selling sense.

HOTEL MOVEMENT IN TENNESSEE.

The drummers of Tennessee, it is said, are about to start a crusade for the improvement of the hotel facilities in that State, and to this end they will ask for legislation that will protect the public against poor service, unsanitary premises, unclean conditions in sleeping and dining rooms, inadequate fire protection, etc., etc. There is no State in the Union, we believe, where the hotels are worse than they are in Tennessee. Probably they would be better if they charged higher prices. It is hoped that in their efforts to improve the hotel conditions in that State the drummers will not insist upon legislation regulating the hotel charges.

THE RULE NOT THE EXCEPTION.

We submit that the State Constitution should not have been amended simply because there is one competent and most deserving officer whom we should like continued in office indefinitely. Constitutions are not made and amended for the benefit of an individual, but for the government of the whole people. The esteemed Roanoke Times will see, of course, the bearings of these observations.

A LITTLE MORE BIBLE, PLEASE.

There was a great parade of the Bible students of Richmond on Sunday, full accounts of which have been given in these columns. All the men who took part in this demonstration were citizens of this town and of the United States. They were in no sense less worthy citizens because they have made a study of the Holy Scriptures. We have picked up a very significant statement, that might very appropriately have been submitted to the meeting at the Auditorium on Sunday, expressed in these strong and significant words:

"It seems to me a little too late, if not absolutely disgraceful that, in this latter day, and high noon of human civilization, the Book, the oldest, the most revered, the only authoritative record of the fundamental principles of human life; with the great seal of the Jewish faith in the decalogue, and the great seal of Christianity in the Lord's Prayer; with the most inspiring and enlightening literature known to man—the Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah and the Sermon on the Mount, should be persistently kept out of our public schools, and that the popular idea of separating Church and State should be diabolized to the monstrous boast that we have a government with no religion in it; our liberty to be identified with free thought, and its twin sister, free love; the grand result anarchy.

We hold no brief for the Bible, and we would not for one moment advocate any union whatsoever in this country of Church and State; but we fail to understand why it is that the one Book of all books, upon which our civilization is supposed to rest, should be excluded from the courses of study in any of the institutions of learning in this country.

DIX KNOWS HIS PLACE.

Governor-elect Dix has already begun to says things that are worth saying and worth remembering. He will not take any part in the election of a United States Senator from New York. "It is the duty of the Legislature, and not that of the Governor, to elect a United States Senator, and I am not going to usurp the function of any other branch of the Government. The Legislature has its work to do, the Governor has his. I am going to be the Governor and not the Legislature."

That is what Governor Dix said Sunday night, when he was asked about his attitude on the Senatorial question, and it shows what sort of man the people of New York have found. Why didn't they find him before? It begins to look almost as if Dix had been cut out for a bigger job than that of Governor of the first and greatest of American States. Of course, we shall have to look him over, and watch his course before knowing how big he really is; but he has made a fine start.

DROPPED IN WHEN THE TAFTS WERE OUT.

It was a very nice thing for all the Tafts to leave the White House so that the Colonel could visit it while they were away, just as if it really belonged to him. He went over there on Saturday, and all the servants who were there when he was the master of the place and all the hold-overs were delighted to see him. They showed him around and talked to him doubtless in the friendliest sort of way; for he is a very pleasant man to meet, and he shook them all by the hand and had something pleasant to say to them. It was a very nice thing for him to do, and all the people who were at home were pleased that he had called. It was so much better than it might have been if the Tafts had been at home, because it will be remembered that the Colonel did not call on the President when the President was in New York a week or so before the election. Probably the Tafts felt that he would rather be in when they were out, and the Tafts are a very polite people.

WOULD NOT "TAKE A REST."

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, attended the funeral of Senator Clay, of Georgia, at Marietta last Wednesday. The Tillmans and the Clays were very good friends in Washington. The two Senators occupied adjoining seats, and they entertained the most friendly relations. Mr. Tillman said: "Senator Clay was the most energetic member of the Senate. His industry was tireless, and he just wouldn't listen to his friends when they urged him to take a rest."

Mr. Tillman has been in very bad shape himself for more than two years. It is reported in a dispatch from Atlanta that "his face is full, his complexion is good, his mind is active, but his legs are not strong." He expects to return to Washington in December, but will refrain from active participation in the debates in that body. It is hoped that he will completely recover his health and strength. He is a much more valuable man now that he ever was before, many of his rough edges having been lost in his association with the great men of the country.

According to the Rev. Gerald H. Beard, of Bridgeport, neither of the Republican candidates for United States Senator from Connecticut is "fit to represent the State at Washington." We don't believe him; that is to say we don't believe that his statement is true as far as it relates to McLean, in spite of McLean's outrageous reflection upon the Democrats of Connecticut. "George" is a fine fellow, a better fellow, we are sure, than Brother Beard, who has probably voted the Republican ticket all his life, notwithstanding the fact that the party in Connecticut has been honeycombed with fraud.

It is charged now that Pinchot was in favor of maintaining, if not increasing, the tariff on lumber while the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was under consideration, and some persons are now saying that Pinchot should have an opportunity to explain. Probably so; but is it not true that good neighborhood might have influenced Pinchot to help the Canadians to conserve their forest resources?

The Rev. William H. Davenport, pastor of the A. M. E. Church in Worcester, Massachusetts, was arrested last Wednesday night upon the complaint of his wife for assault and battery, the wife claiming that he spent all his time praying. It is an unusual charge; but if he prayed out loud, as some of the colored exhorters pray, it is not hard to understand that his offence might be included under the general charge of assault and battery. But the negro who lives and preaches in Massachusetts would naturally be minded to cry out for help.

There is talk now of building a woman's college at Anderson, South Carolina. Of course, we have no objection, but before it is established it is hoped that provision will be made for its liberal support. There was a college at Anderson once, and it failed because the community would not support it. The main question to be determined now is how much the people want it.

The Mayor of Boston has issued an order that society women shall not wear big hats at the concerts and rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and has notified them if they persist in doing so the license of the Orchestra will be revoked. At the sixth concert of the company on Saturday night, only one hat was worn by a woman during the performance, and it was so small that the wearer was not requested to move it. "Bully" for the Mayor of Boston! We wish all the authorities in all other cities in the country had the nerve to follow the good example of Fitzgerald.

The newspapers are printing stories about a personal encounter between Editor Stovall, of the Savannah Press, and Congressman Edwards, of the First Georgia District. In the recent campaign, Tom Watson called Edwards "Calico Charley," and Editor Stovall printed in his paper the charges made by Watson. This was the occasion of the mix-up in Savannah on Saturday. It was not a pleasant thing for Stovall, but we are delighted that he stood up to the rack like a man, even if he seems to have got the worst of the engagement.

It cost John Dix $4,372 to be elected Governor of New York—about $1,200 more, it is alleged, than it cost Stimson to be defeated, but it is worth a good deal more than the difference, and so far as the records show not one dollar of Dix's money was used for the purpose of corrupting voters but only in the payment of the legitimate expenses of h's wonderful campaign. Governor-Elect Foss, of Massachusetts, who spent something like $37,000 in his campaign, is reported to have said that he believes all the expenses of poutical campaigns should be paid by the public, and that would be really the right thing to do. Only the rich can afford to run for office nowadays, and if the expenses of the political campaigns were charged to the people, every man would have an equal chance.

The Colonel believes that Commander Peary reached the North Pole. He also believed that Admiral Schley did not fight the Battle of Santiago.

The men are not much better, however. Look at the weskits they wear.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Silos.

On a recent visit to New England I was surprised to see so many farms with round white towers for corn fodder. There was nothing of the kind thirty years ago. How long have these silos been used, and why do they have that shape? WESTERNER.

Storage of grain and dry forage crops in pits, made tight to exclude air and insects, was common in ancient times, and it has been inferred that green crops were kept in similar way. The first modern silo, for preserving above ground fodder, corn and other green forage, was built a few decades ago by M. Giffart, a Frenchman. The first in America was built by a Mr. Morris, of Maryland, in 1876; one of concrete was soon afterward tried by Dr. Bailey, of Billerica, Mass., and within a few years ensilage was a common feed on dairy farms. Silo-building in England seems to have been begun about 1887. The early silos were made of stone or concrete, but wood is now the most common material, on account of its cheapness. The round form of building has become usual because that insures a minimum contact surface. To have the fodder keep it is necessary to exclude the air, and as this is best effected by the weight of the fodder itself, the silos are made high—commonly thirty-five feet, but sometimes sixty feet or more. With proper storage in these deep air-tight silos, the loss from overfermentation—a certain degree improving the fodder—is said to have been reduced to 10 per cent.

Hair Powder.

When was hair powder introduced?

Hair powder, of pulverized and scented starch, was introduced at the French court of Charles IX., and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was in common use by men and women in England, France and other countries. Pomade made it stick. In England a tax on hair powdering, imposed in 1795, caused the practice to decline, but in 1869, when the tax was abolished, there were still 800 footmen and others paying for the powdering privilege.

Buffaloes.

How many buffaloes are supposed to be alive now? Has anybody tried keeping them as farm animals? E. F.

The buffalo or American bison has never been domesticated. For more than a century breeders in the United States and Canada have been trying to develop a new race of animals from the native bison and the domestic cow, and many stockmen have held the view that the hybrid—for which the name "catalo" has been adopted—could be made a successful farm animal. The experiment so far have been indecisive, on account of difficulties in breeding yet to be overcome. The catalo, as already produced, is heavier than either parent, variable in form, requires no shelter and little artificial feeding in severe winter weather, and is thought to give promise for ranges having land too poor to support cattle. It is valuable for its hide and meat. It supplies a large, glossy and durable robe, valued at $75 to $200 or more, and the flesh, resembling excellent domestic beef, has sold at $1.25 to $2 per pound by the quarter. On January 1, 1908, captive pure-blooded American bison were estimated to number 1,116 in the United States, 476 in Canada and 130 in Europe; and the wild bison, 25 in the United States and 300 in Canada. There were 45 owners of captive bison in America and 19 in Europe. Of the catalogs there were 260 in the United States, 57 in Canada and 28 in Europe.

Haymarket Square Riot.

Please print a short account of the Haymarket Square riot in Chicago. R. C.

The Haymarket riot occurred at Haymarket Square in Randolph Street, Chicago, immediately north of Des Plaines Street, on May 4, 1886, in which seven policemen were killed and sixty wounded while attempting to disperse a meeting of anarchists. The injuries of the policemen were caused chiefly by a dynamite bomb thrown by some one in the crowd, supposed to have been a person named Schaddinbelt, who was never arrested. The anarchists, August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Albert R. Parsons, were hanged November 11, 1887, for complicity in the riot, while Louis Lingg escaped the gallows by committing suicide in prison. Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab were committed to prison for life, and Oscar W. Neebe for a term of fifteen years.

First Insurance Company.

What was the first insurance company?

"The Amicable," established in London in 1706, was the first life insurance company. It insured ages twelve to forty-five at uniform rates, and in 1781 guaranteed a death benefit of £500, this being the first insurance for a definite sum.

COUNTESS OSTHEIM WIFE OF EX-PRINCE

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

COUNTESS OSTHEIM, who has been a conspicuous figure at the New York Horse Show during the past week, is the daughter of a skipper of the mercantile marine of the name of Lottero, and married just a year ago in London the ex-Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar. The latter had a few weeks previously been deprived of his rank and status of a member of the reigning house of Saxe-Weimar; had been barred from the succession to the throne, and had been reduced to the position of an ordinary noble, being accorded the title of Count Ostheim.

The ex-prince, who is only about twenty-five years of age, was attached as lieutenant to the Cuirassiers of the Guard in Berlin, in 1905, and as heir presumptive to the grand ducal throne of Saxe-Weimar and to the immense private estates that go with the chieftainship of the family, was received with open arms at the Kaiser's court. But he had inherited from his spendthrift father spendthrift tastes, and soon became involved in monetary difficulties of so serious a character that he was transferred by way of discipline to the Eleventh Lancer Regiment, stationed in the dull little town of Saarburg.

In the hope of restoring his shattered fortunes, he became in 1908 a suitor for the hand, and incidentally for the fortune, of Marie Bonaparte, who has since married Prince George of Greece, and whose fortune is derived from her father's part ownership of the public gambling tables of Monte Carlo. But although Prince Hermann was much nearer a throne than George of Greece, since owing to the fact that his father, Prince William of Saxe-Weimar, is virtually excluded from the succession, and that both marriages of the reigning grand duke are thus far childless, his reputation was such that both Marie Bonaparte and her father gave the preference to George of Greece, and rejected Prince Hermann's suit.

The failure of this project of a rich marriage landed Prince Hermann in still further difficulties, and ultimately the law intervened, that is to say, he was judicially declared, not merely insolvent, but likewise placed under Curatel, that is to say, deprived of all civic rights and legal responsibilities, as if a lunatic, his affairs being vested in the hands of a trustee appointed by the court. The investigation of his conduct in connection with these financial troubles resulted in his being first of all placed on the retired list of the army, and then removed from the latter altogether. Being virtually next in the line of succession, it became necessary, under the circumstances, to lose no time in eliminating him therefrom, and accordingly he was, as mentioned above, reduced just a year ago, from the status of a prince of the blood to that of a mere noble, being accorded a small annuity by his cousin, the reigning grand duke, on condition that he keep out of Germany. He seems to have met Wanda Lottero in Paris, and to have married her in London, civilly, that is to say, at the register's office, instead of in church.

The ex-prince, now Count Ostheim, may find some of his father's old friends, acquaintances, benefactors and creditors over here. For the career of his father, Prince William of Saxe-Weimar, was even still more stormy. He found it necessary to leave Europe, and after some active service in the foreign legion of the Dutch army in Sumatra, came to the United States, and under the name of "William Rohde," earned his living by means of callings quite the reverse of royal. He received remittances from home, but like most remittance men, he always managed to spend them long before they came to hand, was often in the most desperate straits, knew by frequent experience what it was to go hungry, and picked up a living as a riding-master, store clerk, salesman, and even as a waiter, the only prince of a reigning house of Europe who can boast of such extraordinary vicissitudes.

Overtaken by illness, his relatives took compassion on him, brought him home and nursed him back to health. He then married Princess Gerta Isemburg, with whom he lives at Heidelberg, where he is not above recalling old times in the United States with American students at the university, over a friendly mug of beer or glass of wine.

While his name figures on the retired list of the German army, with the honorary rank of major, he is not allowed by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar to reside in his dominions, and is virtually boycotted by all the courts of Europe. It is understood generally that all the necessary steps have been taken to exclude him from the succession to the throne, in favor of his younger son, Prince Albert, who is a lieutenant in the Second Regiment of Cuirassiers, stationed at Pasewalk.

Lord Ashtown, who has fallen into the hands of professional moneylenders, with whom he is now engaged in litigation for a relatively small amount, in the neighborhood of $40,000, is a resident Irish landlord and a violent anti-homeruler, living almost entirely at Glenahiry, his seat in County Galway. His life has repeatedly been attempted. He was shot at in 1903 and in 1906, while in 1907 a bomb was exploded at his house at Glenahiry, entirely wrecking the room in which he usually sits.

It was claimed by his political foes that this so-called "Glenahiry outrage" had been engineered by the peer himself, and certain it is that he received very little satisfaction from the government in connection with the endeavors to run down the perpetrators of the outrage, or in the shape of additional protection. In fact, among Tories and Unionists there was much feeling against the present government in the matter, and this contributed in no small degree to his election in 1908 as a representative peer of Ireland—an election which entitles him for the remainder of his life to a seat in the House of Lords at Westminster, unless he becomes bankrupt, in which event it is forfeited.

His rival in the election was Lord Farnham, and they may be said to have run a dead heat in the race, which resulted in a tie. In order to settle the matter the crown resorted to the odd device of causing the two competitors to draw lots, and Lord Ashtown won out.

Lord Ashtown bears a name and title that are execrated in Ireland. For the single vote which in the memorable debate of January 22, 1799, in the Dublin Parliament, sealed the doom of that legislature, and of Ireland's autonomy, the vote in fact that was responsible for Erin's loss of home rule, and for her union with England, was cast by Frederick Trench, who received as his reward elevation to the Irish peerage as Lord Ashtown. Lecky's history of "England in the Eighteenth Century," and Sir Jonah Barrington's book on the Union of Ireland with England, unite in denouncing the purchase by the crown of Frederick Trench's casting vote as the most shameless and disgraceful of all the transactions of this kind that occurred in connection with the establishment of the union.

Among the many Mayors of English cities and towns who completed their term of office on November 9, there was none who was subjected to more humiliating procedure than the chief magistrate of Grantham. Ordinarily outgoing Mayors are treated with honor and distinction, calculated to console them for the loss of their rank and prerogatives, and expressive of the gratitude of their fellow-citizens for their, in most cases, purely honorary and unpaid, but arduous services.

But at Grantham, when the Mayor's term of office is ended, his robe of office is publicly stripped from him, the gold chain of office is taken from his neck, and then the town clerk taps him on the forehead with a wooden mallet, in order to signalize the demise of his municipal authority; this latter procedure being evidently derived from the Vatican, where on the death of a Pontiff, the dean of the Sacred College and Camerlengo, who administers the pontifical office during the interregnum, taps the forehead of the defunct Pope with a wooden mallet, apostrophizing him in a loud voice, and asking him if he is really dead. It is only on his failure to receive any reply from the corpse that the demise of the holy father is officially established.

(Copyright, 1910, by the Brentwood Company.)